

Poetry Series

Suzawaka Phiri

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2023

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Suzawaka Phiri()

It was not a man who placed a curse on him nor was it a woman. It was not the water he drank nor the river where he bathed his body that was cursed. It was not the hut in which he slept nor the pot he used to prepare his food that was cursed. It was not the stars nor the sun that was cursed. The gods chose to place a curse on his destiny. It was the gods that cursed him.

He remembered the day it happened, the day he was cursed. The day he wandered aimlessly in a place his ancestors told him not to enter. He found himself in a shrine of the old forsaken gods. He found cassava and sweet water. His stomach was empty and continuously asking for food. Uninvited and unwelcomed, Suzawaka chose to eat the food and drink the water. When Suzawaka had his full, a voice from the shrine spoke,

'Who ate the food meant for the gods?

Who drank the waters meant for the gods?

Whose feet found themselves in the shrine of the gods? '

Suzawaka was quiet. He had no words coming out of his mouth, afraid, his heart began beating fast and his body was trembling. The questions were harder than the heart of the Mubanga tree.

'It was I! ' Suzawaka finally answered in a very uneasy tone.

'To the one who ate the food meant for the gods uninvited, he shall be cursed to tell the tales of the gods. To the one who drank the water meant for the gods uninvited, he shall be cursed to sit under the Mutaba tree for the rest of his life. To the one whose feet entered the shrine, he shall be a Leper.'

From that day, Suzawaka has not left the tree nor has he ceased telling the tales of the gods. The curse was a blessing, a blessing that was a curse. There was sweetness in bitterness and bitterness in sweetness.

Thus he became a tale telling teller.

Tell

Tell Okot, we have not forgotten
Remind Kapwepwe, we have not forgotten

Tell Rumi and Shams, they are still living
Tell Shakespeare, we still remember

Tell Mwango, you are not forgotten brother,
Tell Maya Angelou, she is still alive here

Tell Edgar Allan Poe, Annabel still lives,
Tell Chinua Achebe, your light is still on.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

More Tales Will Surely Come

Forget the time I fell in love with Annabel Lee,
And how I changed my sex and became Annabel Lee.

Forget the time I told you about my aunt Shade,
Who lost love while pursuing love.

Forget these tales. More tales will surely come.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

The Wise Queen

I have no sons. I have no daughters.
Yet I am the female elephant
Who married the mighty leopard
In the infancy of day.

I'm not as beautiful as the moon,
I'm not as bright as the sun,
Yet on my head rests the crown.

I wasn't blessed with beauty
I was blessed with wisdom.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

Untitled

As I whistle on this long road,
Remembering the love of old
A love that now remains in tales.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

Uzoamaka

Uzoamaka my love, remember when the birds in forest envied our love.

Remember when the sky looked upon us with a golden smile in the day.

Remember when the trees danced to the rhythm of our love in the presence of the roaming wind.

Remember when the fish in Nyasa's belly celebrated our love.

Remember when Ada Chiwawula remembered us in his morning prayers.

Uzoamaka my love, remember these words and never forget,

'Nyasa's seed is yours yesterday, today and tomorrow.'

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

Have I Finished Race

Apart from pain, what will I pen
With this bleeding pen?
What is left in my soul, so that I can pen it
From the depth of my soul?
Is there a topic I am yet to write on?
Mention it and I will surely write on
The same.
They say a soul is ocean, maybe I have
Reached the bottom of the ocean.
They say a soul is a universe,
Has gravity pulled me to the deepest part of the universe?

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

Born Writer

Suza I need a poem, write me a piece
There is peace in a piece!
Listen son, there is a sun in what you pen,
Though sometimes your pen pens pain.
Let the ink flow like water in a river,
Develop many feet, there many shoes you have to wear,
Writing is a gift and a curse to a writer,
Many spirits influencing you as you write,
You are a killer, a healer and a creator
Poetry or prose does not matter
As long as its literature.

So many worlds to travel, writer's block a writer's hell,
Preventing you from travelling, ink ceases to flow,
Just you and a book with blank pages on the floor,
Looking deep in your soul, there is nothing to write
Frustrated because your purpose is in penning pieces,
Now I know why a writer is a god, writer's block a devil
In between the book is the valley of the shadow of evil
So before I open a book, I drown myself in knowledge
Visiting the works of any great Sage.

To my brothers and sisters in pen, let us pen pieces,
For we do not know when the call will be made,
The call that we will have to answer.
It is only in these pieces we pen where we live forever,
So let us pen pieces that will out live us,
Pieces should not die before us.
Writers are pregnant delivering pieces on stages
Critics and library are our antenatal, so we deliver healthy babies.

To the readers, keep reading the pieces we give you to read,
If you do not read, there would be no need for the pen to bleed!

Suzawaka Phiri

Without The Light

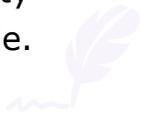
Without the light,
The moon's beauty
Is invisible.

Without the light,
The moon's shape
Is invisible.

Without the light,
The sun's beauty
Is invisible.

Without the light,
The earth's beauty,
Is invisible.

Without the light,
Our beauty
Is invisible.



PoemHunter.com

Suzawaka Phiri

Empty

There is no water in the lake or river.
And there's no liquid in the cup or jar.

There is neither light nor darkness.
And there's no sound from the drums.

There's no finish line at the end of the race.
And there is no mark made in this place.

There is no name left in this place.
And there is no food in the stomach.

It is as before God spoke the word.
And I have become a man says society
A man never cries, says society.

When I rest my head, nothing comes
When I close my eyes, I see no dreams.
How will I dance to music without sound?

Suzawaka Phiri

We Existed

Before you tell every soul we existed
Kindly share the times before we existed.
Our mouths are shut, Elizabeth is gone
Barotse, what's there to show we existed?
Sahara became a monk and went bald
The hairs sigh, who will know we existed?
Lunda calls all her children so does Luba
For only your return will show we existed.
Teller, beat the drums, sing their songs
For how will the spirits know we existed?

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

Don't Go Without Me

Do not forget your promise, don't go without me
How shall I enjoy the sunrise? Don't go without me.
If what we share is way deeper than Tanganyika,
My love, don't compromise, don't go without me.
If what we share is longer than the arms of Victoria,
Then this is our paradise, don't go without me.
Why do you give your body to the one roomed house,
When I am yours till my demise, don't go without me.
If I am Ruth, you are Naomi, then why go alone?
I shall not find comfort in lies, don't go without me.
If I am Rumi, you are Shams, my peer and soulmate,
Tale teller, I trust you are wise, don't go without me.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

A Little Prayer

My Muse please be kind
And influence my mind.
I know you're not blind
Influence my mind
And peace I shall find.

When there is no writing
Peace is always lacking.
This is my little prayer
I thought I should share.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

A Man Who Forgets

I wrote down my dreams
I wrote down all my goals
When money visited my pockets
I became a man who forgets.

I promised her the world
And I gave her my word.
When money visited my pockets
I became a man who forgets.

I promised to pray everyday
I promised to follow his way
But when my pockets found gold
I forget about God.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

Dear Pen Slumber No More

Dear pen slumber no more
There is now a song in my soul.

Dear pen ready yourself to explore
The depth of my soul.

Dear pen slumber no more,
Poetry is only the language I know.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

Buttocks

Nothing amazes me like your big buttocks,
Petunia, you truly have terrific buttocks.

Before you, not even elephants can boast,
For not even them have such big buttocks.

Name one head that doesn't turn to peep,
At such hard, soft yet very big buttocks.

Even Kilimanjaro praises, the gods above
For shaping such gigantic buttocks.

Don't blame me, Teller is a just messenger
Telling the tales of such big buttocks.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

My Blessed Gift

Tonight I grace the face of the sun!
How beautiful is the moon!

Jehovah has gifted me with a star,
Tonight an angel has left heaven.

Tonight my ears hear perfect music!
Love shall sleep in my arms,
Tonight my eyes shall see love!

Green covers the soils once again,
Zambezi has birthed Kafue,

The golden sky welcomes a new day,
Rejoice Rachel, Joseph is here.

Rejoice, Sarah, Isaac is here.
Tonight Manoah shall hold Samson.

Tonight, I welcome my son.

Suzawaka Phiri

Aunt Shade

Grandma had a child
And she named her Shade.

No one had a darker skin
Than my Aunt Shade.

And because of her dark skin,
People mocked my Aunt Shade.

But in our beautiful home,
We all loved Aunt Shade.

But that was not enough,
Aunt Shade wanted public love.

But what Aunt Shade didn't know
Was that her dark skin was a crown
Of sacred gold.

Her dark skin made her to be
More beautiful than the moon can ever be.
Her dark skin made her to be
More royalty than the sun could ever be.

But this never crossed the mind
Of my beautiful Aunt Shade.

This never crossed my mind,
If it did, I could have spoken my mind

Her heart was very beautiful too.
Her fashion taste made her cool.

But this never crossed the mind
Of my beautiful Aunt Shade.

So she changed her skin color
Hoping the public will love her.

But Aunt Shade was wrong,
To dance to a public song.

Thus the love she wanted,
She never got it
And the love she had,
She lost.

Suzawaka Phiri

A Closed Door

A soft knock on my door
Troubled my tired and sleepy soul.
This happened in Sweet November
This knock scared me like thunder.
So I vowed to never open the door.
I remember what happened before.
My dear glass was broken in pieces,
By the people I allowed to come in.
I vowed to never open the door again.
My dear glass was broken in pieces
I close my door like Noah's ark door.

She kept knocking at my closed door
It was raining cats and dogs outside.
But I never allowed her to enter inside.
Though every knock came with hello
I still did not open the door.
Every thought of opening, I did ignore
That was my decision and nothing more.
Opening the door once left me sore.

The knock was now getting louder
Still on other things I did ponder.
I was young, but now I am getting older.
And death's calling is getting louder
Then realized, I was still young and strong
To the maiden outside, I was a mean judge
So she vowed to push me to the edge
By continuously knocking on my door.

It began to trouble me in my soul
Thus I was tempted to open my door.
When I stood up to open the door
This maiden gave up and left the door
When I opened the door, as I saw her go
My soul screamed, 'that's my mate! '
Thus old memories lost me my soulmate.

Broken

I have loved and given my all
Now there is no love in my soul.

They say stars shine in the dark,
I'm the sun that departs when it's dark.
So I'm the sun that longs to be a moon.
I have fought wars and now I'm done
Victory is for those who have gone
Because to the living, the war is still on.
Alone in this house I have lived,
But now this house is shared.
The title to the house isn't in my hands,

I have loved and given my all
And now there is no love in my soul.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

I Once Read A Poem

I once read a poem,
Annabel Lee.

It was at the bridge
Where I read Annabel Lee.

My heart was moved
When I read Annabel Lee.

Though I was a strong man,
I was broken when I read Annabel Lee.

I felt the loss, I felt the pain
When I read Annabel Lee.

My thoughts later birthed a child
And I named her Annabel Lee.

My life truly changed
When I read, Annabel Lee.

My happiness was taken away,
Like the corpse of Annabel Lee.

I imagined this poem, Annabel Lee
I lived in this poem, Annabel Lee.

Like Edgar Allan Poe, I also loved
This maiden, Annabel Lee.

So when I became a woman,
My name became Annabel Lee.

The soul was mine
But my body was Annabel Lee.

Suzawaka Phiri

I'm All Yours

You should not forget, I'm all yours.
Fill me, I'm all set, I'm all yours.

Set me on fire love, let me burn,
This is why we met, I'm all yours.

In season or out of season,
Sunrise or sunset, I'm all yours.

Love, do not let me go to waste,
When I'm very wet, I'm all yours.

Don't call me Marto, call me fish
Let me in your net, I'm all yours.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

The Star Skinned Queen

The star skinned Queen,
Beautiful and timeless.
The star skinned Queen,
She is a book,
Three chapters long.
Each chapter has 365 pages,
Pages of priceless stories.
The star skinned Queen,
Has a crown
Of beautiful black hair
Aunty Faith is her name.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

In The Arms Of His Father

There is a place that he knows,
He calls it, Paradise.

There is only one thing this place knows,
Rest!

As he makes his bed in this place,
He knows, he lies in the arms of love.

There is a place that he knows,
And heaven knows, it is priceless.

There are no tears in this place
For love eases every discomfort.

In this place, sweet dreams are born,
He smiles! He knows in this place,
He is royalty.

There is a place that he knows,
And that place is his father's arms.

Suzawaka Phiri

One Or Two

A syllable, one or two
Can birth a poem or two.

A couplet, one or two
Can birth a ghazal or two.

A poem, one or two
Will birth a smile or two.

A beat, one or two
Births a syllable or two.

Writing a poem or two
Can help one or two.

A writing, one or two
Will help one or two.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

Her Beauty Is Noisy

Her beauty knows no quietness
It is noisy and knows loudness.
Her beauty knows no humbleness
It only knows boastfulness.
Her beauty brags
While beating its chest
'Am more beautiful than
Then the golden sun.
Am more beautiful than
The full moon.'
Yet her beauty is just a cover
Of the ugliness that's under.
Her beauty is the grave,
Ugliness is the corpse.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

My Mubanga Tree

My Mubanga tree,
Standing so strong and so tall
And can't be shaken.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com

The One Loved By Me

I searched every sea
For the one loved by me
I searched every forest
Night and day without rest
For the one loved by me.
Though I was a god
I prayed to my god
For the one loved by me.

I searched every womb
I searched every tomb
For the one loved by me.
Of what use are my eyes
If they can't see the face
Of the one loved by me.
Of what use are my ears
If they can't hear the voice
Of the one loved by me.
Of what use is this life
If I can't be
With the one loved by me.

I prayed to the devil
I prayed to demons
For the one loved by me.
But again, it was in vain
For I will never see
The one loved by me.
You see,
I'm a child of the sky
She's the child of the land,
The one loved by me.

This love, just maybe
Was not meant to be.

Suzawaka Phiri

Islam

Am in love once again
Ready to endure the pain once again
For in the end I know I will gain
What I believe in is not in vain
I can even feel it in my veins
I chose her with my heart, not my brain
If there is a fire, its for her my heart burns
I love her more, the more I get to know her
So everyday, I sit under her to study her
Love grows in the presence of knowledge
Through Shams and Rumi I knew her
So I appreciated her through Khadijah
She represents peace, she is peace
She is orderly, she is truly peace
From afar I have observed her
From afar I have learnt to adore her
I thank HIM for teaching me about her
For HE is the mirror that reveals the true her
Though we cannot be together,
I will always write about her
Follow her ways to praise the one I have.

Suzawaka Phiri

I Wrote

Whatever I saw, I wrote.
Whatever I felt, I wrote.
Whatever I sniffed, I wrote.
Whenever Or whatever I touched,
I wrote.
Whatever I heard, I wrote.
Thus I became a product
Of my environment.

Suzawaka Phiri



PoemHunter.com